THE COMMODY OF the moſte vertuous and Godlye Suſanna, neuer before this tyme Printed.

Compiled by Thomas Garter.

¶Eyght perſons may eaſyly play it.

1. The Prologue and the Gaylour for one.
2. Joachim and Juder for another,
3. Sathan and Voluptas another,
4. Senſualitas alone.
5. Suſanna alone.
6. Helchia, True Report, Ancilla, another,
7. Ill Reporte the Vyce, and Cryer, another.
8. Helchias wyfe, Danyell, Seruus, Serua, for another.

IMPRINTED AT London, in Fleeteſtreate, be-*neath the Conduite, at the* Signe of S. Iohn Euangeliſt, by Hugh Iackſon.

1578.

2 1 2

¶ The Prologue.

BOnum opus laudabila, which is as much to say, (alway.
God workes though playne are worthy prayse, and so haue bene
Then though with Bullus Tully style, our Authour doe not frame,
This his fyrst worke which you shall heare, yet do accept the same,
For why the Story being good, the matter also true,
Doth but declare a matter olde, as it were done anew.
And sheweth forth how prone God is, to helpe such as are iust,
And in that God before all men, doe put assured trust,
Of Susans lyke the story is, what trouble she was in,
How narrowly she scaped death because she would not sinne,
How wonderously she was prouoke, how vertuously she fled,
The strong assaultes of wicked men, that lecherous lusters hadled,
To ravish her, and to pollute, her chaste and wyfely view,
This is the somme of all that shall be shewed vnto you, (scene
And though perchaunce some wanton worde, doe passe which may not
Or gestures light not meete for this, your wisedomes may it deeme,
Accoumpt that nought delightes the hart of men on earth,
So much as matters graue and sad, if they be mixt with myrth,
Of both which here I trust you shall, as in a myrrour see,
And that in such a decent sort as hurtfull shall not be,
And for because ensample good, is meete in these our dayes,
This hath he done to shorten tyme, to God giue all the prayse.
Thus craving quyet sylence now, my speeche I meane to spare,
Beholde when Sathan enters place, his mynde he will declare.

Here goeth out the Prologue, and Sathan entreth in.

Dauill. ¶ Among the plagues of thée O God,
Wherewith thou plaguest man,
Plague such as I would haue thée plague,
Or let me if I can.
I wallow now in worldly welth,
And haue the world at will,
Into eche hart I creepe by stealth,
Of blood I haue my fill.

But yet there is a wight,
In thee O Babilon,
Whose flesh or fleece if I may get,
How well were I begon,
To seeke her out my selfe,
Or to attempt her grace,
I might perchaunce haue had my pray,
So vgly is my face.
Well, well, I haue a crafty chylde,
His name is Ill Reporte,
A blessed Babe that I haue trayned,
To talke in such a sorte,
That were she neuer so iust or true,
Or liuer neuer so chast,
By hooke, or crooke, by trace or pace,
He bringes her home at last.

Here the Deuill sitteth downe in a Chayre, and calleth for Ill Reporte, who entreth in.

¶ What Euill Report thou crooked Knaue,
What canst thou not heare thy Dad,
Come with a proper pestilence,
I thinke the theefe be mad.
¶ What quoth hee, now by this day,
I thinke thee mad to be,
How say you all, within this Hall,
What Knaue more crookte then he,
Why you shitten slaue, you crookte nose knaue,
What are thy wittes now past,
What moued thee with Ill Reporte,
To call in such a haste.
¶ O Sonne.
¶ O Theefe.
¶ O Boy.
¶ O Knaue.

¶ I haue

Deuill. ¶ I haue a Theare for thée to doe,
Ill Rep. ¶ Gogges woundes more Theares yet.
I must theare abroade, and you in Theare must sit,
Deuill. ¶ O louing Boy, and dayntie Chylde,
As euer thou didst me good,
Let me now craue thy good aduyce,
To helpe me in this moode,
Thou seest I haue what I desyre,
In all the Countrey here,
Yet is there one in Babilon,
That neuer had no peere,
She serueth God and on him sets,
Yer study and her care.
Ill Rep. ¶ Gogges woundes thou lyest I trow,
Such giftes be very rare,
Deuill. ¶ O Sonne it is true in déede,
I would it were a lye:
I would sing, I would daunce,
Oh I would skip full hye,
Ill Rep. ¶ How say you now my maysters all,
Thinke you my Dads not light,
If you marke him, he is indéede,
To dauncing trimly plight,
I dare now sweare a thousande othes,
And eake as many more,
You neuer saw such a one behynde,
As my Dad is before.
But Dad what would you haue me to doe herein.
Deuill. ¶ Why Knaue thou wilt not heare me how I begin,
Ill Rep. ¶ Why slaue beginnest thou to rayle,
Farewell with a pestilence, I would thou hadst kist my tayle,
Deuill. ¶ Why come agayne sonne arte thou growne so shorte,
Ill Rep. ¶ Gogges woundes who would be vsed after such a sorte.
Without my helpe thou sytteste lyke a Whelpe,
And knowest not what to doe,
And yet lyke a slaue thou calleste me slaue, and crooked villayne to,

 ¶ O Sonne,

¶O Sonne, O Boy, O Lord, O Chylde,
Thou art my ground on thée I doe buylde,
Be not displeased I pray thée with all my harte,
And loke what thou getteſt thou ſhalt haue thy parte,
If thou canſt compaſſe Suſanna to ouerthrow,
Thou ſhalt haue my bleſſing whereſoeuer I go.
Becauſe I haue truſted thée long tyme before,
I yéelde it to thy pollicy, and I ſay no more.
But if thou ſhouldeſt want any part of my ayde,
I will be at thy hande then be not afrayde,
And let vs ſée if God with all his myght,
Can defende this ſoule from our auncient ſpyght.
¶Dad doeſt thou put the matter to my ordring?
¶Yea Sonne that I do with all my bleſſing,
Kneele downe and thou ſhalt haue it in way of good ſpéede,
And all the Deuils in Hell to helpe thée at thy néede.
The bleſſing giuen to the Serpent which tempted Eue,
And all manner extremities thée to releéue.
And that which God gaue for Abels ſake to Cayne,
Light vpon thée with might and mayne.
That which Ionas threatned vnto Niniuie,
Light on thée and all thy poſteritie.
And I vſe to be ſhort, and in few wordes to tell,
God ſende thée a thouſande plagues more then euer were found in hell,
Theſe and ten thouſand when thou art layde in thy bed,
To recompence thy trauayle light vpon thy head.
¶Who there Dad we haue bleſſinges ynow,
And ten thouſand mo then I giue vnto you,
And when it ſhall pleaſe you, ye may be packing,
For in me I warrant you nought ſhall be lacking.
¶Then farewell Boy with a peſtilence,
¶And farewell Dad with a vengeaunce.

Here the Deuill goeth out, and Euill Reporte taryeth ſtill.

¶Am

11632a

Ill Rep. ¶Am I not a iolly fellow, it is ſéene by my progeny,
That my auncyent ſtocke is of great antiquitie,
How olde it is none of you all can tell,
Seuen yeares elder at the leaſt then is the Deuill of Hell,
Euill Reporte mary he is a iolly man, and had in ſuch a pryce,
That no man liueth now adayes, but will him exercyſe.
Well the charge I haue, echo one of you doe know,
In accomplishing of the ſame, my dilligence I will ſhow,
The pollicy of the Deuill, the enuie he doth beare,
The man he ſéekes to ouerthrow, all ſuch as God doth feare,
Is maruaylous in fayth, thinke you his foreſight is not ſtraunge,
Marke well my tale and you ſhall ſée, how his deuyſe doth chaunge
There is in all this Babilon, but one that he doth ſpye,
That feareth God, and eke my Dad in all his workes defye.
Her hath he ſought by pryde at fyrſt to blynde her youthfull hart,
Tuſh, tuſh, ſhe was and is ſo mééke, he ſped not in that part,
Then did he ſéeke by gluttony to blynde her fancies to,
Her ſober diet him deceiued, and did that quyte ſubdue,
Then knowing that all women are giuen much to enuyed ſtring,
To force her haue an enuious hart, right many cauſe did bring,
But ſhe like one not of this world, but like a very fole,
Did arme her ſelfe with pacience, till euery cauſe did cole,
But here you wiues, I would not wiſh that you ſhould take her part,
But if your huſbandes anger you, beſhrew their crooked hart,
Well to my matter yet agayne, he ſets his ſeruaunt ſloth,
To follow her with ſugred ſteps, in euery place ſhe goeth.
But buſy Suſan enuies the Deuill and all he doth,
As ſhe withſtandes ſloth and his ſteps, in deſpyte of his toth.
And that you Maydes full well doe know, ſloth with his drowſy head,
Is able to doe much with you, when you are layde in bed,
For you had rather ſerue the Deuill, or what he will deuyſe,
Then leaue your bed in winter morne, when hory froſtes aryſe,
He gaue her Gold then at her will, to make her couetous,
She takes it but for nédefull vſe, or elſe doth it deſpyſe,
And yet with Gold my Dad hath got, a thouſand olde mens ſoules,
As well of them weare bloody gownes, as ſuch as ſheare their noules,

But now my Dad nor all these thinges, are able to preuayle,
With filthy lustes of fleshly men, meaneth her to assayle,
And such they be shall her intise, to doe that pleasaunt dæde,
As shall preuayle I tell you true, by force or else by mæde,
And when that they haue got their wils, and so haue wrought her shame
My selfe will blow the leaden Trumpe of cruell slaunderous fame,
Lo thus my Dad I please I trow, and thus my nature showe,
Thus shall ech man my power and might in euery corner blow,
And say that though the Deuill himselfe, could not tempt Susans grace
The wit of Mayster Ill Report hath her and it defaste,
Oh godly wit, oh noble brayne, whence commeth this deuyce.

Herewith commeth in Voluptas, and calleth Sensualitas in this sorte.

¶ Come in Mayster Sensualitas I pray thee,
Reche me thy hande and I will helpe thee.
¶ By my truth Voluptas I haue nede of thy ayde,
Such is my secrete sorow, my sences are dismayde.
¶ Though you iudge me scant worth to be a proctor,
Marke me well now, and I will play the Doctor.
Amor vincit omnia, I nose cedamus Amori,
Loue ouercommeth euery thing, loue can eche Mount remeue,
The Gods of olde, and euery man are subiect vnto loue.
¶ Marke his tale.
¶ Trouble him not.
¶ Res est Solicia, Plena ten oris amor,
How say you my maysters this is god clamor.
Loue hath a pleasure in it selfe, yet loue is full of feare,
Loue helpes and it doth harme a man, loue is not this god geare,
Loue from the Sences of a man can steale away the nught,
Loue can make mad the mynde of man, and loue can blynde the sighte,
But is not he a iolly man that loue can so subdue,
As he can lose it when he list, and it agayne renue,
¶ My friend God spede,
¶ Soft swift not friendes so sone,

¶ Why

11632a

Volup. ¶ Why syr I neuer gaue you cause of offence,
Sensua. ¶ Nor to doe it is our pretence,
Ill Rep. ¶ You lye lyke crafty knaues boeth,
God spede so carteriy to him ye neuer sée before,
For you and your spede, a stinking turde for you both,
Gogges blod were ye brought vp at the cart,
To breake a mans tale in such sort, now I beshrew your hart,
Volup. ¶ Oh blame vs not sir I pray you, your talke I trow was of loue,
And hearing your argumentes your wits did vs moue,
To speake to you brefely for feling that payne,
Your Argumentes sayd you could helpe vs agayne.
Ill Rep. ¶ And though I can, what is that to thée,
Volup. ¶ That you will syr I hope verily.
Ill Rep. ¶ May soft maysters a whyle, it is a condicion,
That neuer yet was vsed, by expert Phisition,
His Pacient or Cure to practise to heale,
Before his disease he know very well,
And therefore I say your secretes discrye,
Or else for your helpe I cannot applye.
Volup. ¶ Mary syr loue is my sickneste.
Ill Rep. ¶ And what is the cause of your weakeneste,
Sensua. ¶ Loue to good Gentleman.
Ill Rep. ¶ And for thy fayre wordes, I will helpe thée if I can,
But thole that stande by will thinke it to straunge,
That I vnto health your sickneste should chaunge.
And busyneste at this time doth call me away,
And therefore farewell till another day.

Here he offreth to run out.

Sensua. ¶ Nay good Mayster Doctor let vs haue your helpe.
Ill Rep. ¶ So shall you syr but I must fyrst prouyde,
Such thinges as the cause of your greefes doe desyde.
And synce you will not pack I must be gone,
For my confections I alwayes make alone,
And none of you both to prouyde my trumpery,

Haue not the wit to offer me money,
And I being shamefaste the same cannot craue,
Loe you will haue helpe, and I nought shall haue.
¶ Yes Mayster Doctor here is fyue pound.

He lets his Purse fall.

¶ And here is as much see it falleth to the ground,
Take it vp Mayster Doctor, to prouyde your drugs,
And to buy the same I would you would trudge.
¶ At your commaundement syr, fyrst I must stope for my reward,
And then runne at a beck, no that were to harde.
You know where to haue me, get you hence for a space,
And within a day or two retourne to this place,
And then for your health here shall nothing be lacking,
Tarry no longer, go hence and be packing.
¶ Alas Syr will it be two dayes fyrst.
¶ Yea.
¶ I thinke sure we are both accurst.
¶ Yet will we follow your counsayle,
¶ And in so doing, you doe but well,
¶ God be with you.
¶ And with you to.
¶ God be with you with all my hart,
¶ And with you to, with all my fart.

Here they go out, and Ill Reporte speaketh still.

¶ Ah syra, I thinke this houer well spended,
The lyning of my purse is very well amended.
I might doe little if I could not talke,
Seing how liberally their handes do walke.
Iudge what I will doe for this ten pounde,
Teach them a way themselues to confounde.
For these are the two that Susan shall proue,
By all manner meanes to cole their hote loue,

And

11632a

And if they obtayne what get they than,
A Tabernacle forsoth with my Dad Sathan.
and if they doe not, but the it discrye,
The rygor of Law shall force them to dye.
Lo thus you doe see I haue gone the deuice,
That Mistresse Susan shall sore intice.
Sende them good lucke Dad be thou their spede,
And graunt that with shame they may ende for their mede,
And thus because thinges doe grow fast vpon,
Farewell my maysters I will be gone.

Here goeth out Euill Reporte, and Ioachim entreth.

Ioach. ¶The waighty charge that God hath giuen, to such as doe liue here,
And ioyned are the pore to guyde, doth fret my hart with feare,
The charge we haue to helpe the iust, and vyce to punish to,
O Lorde thou knowest it is to great for mortall men to do.
The Princes thought to liue at ease, the pore man to take payne,
But daungerous is the Princes lyfe, and daungerous once agayne,
O God let it not seeme to thee that I would chaunge my fate,
But if it be thy will good Lorde, rid me from Rulers state.

The two Iudges come in.

Volup. ¶God saue your goodnesse worthy syr, God still augment your dayes,
Sensu. ¶God send you Nestors tyme to raigne, with helpe in all assayes,
Ioach. ¶In troth right happily are you come, I thought your absence long,
For when I am in place alone, my passyons seeme full strong,
I cannot rid out of my brayne the charge of our degree,
How rightly we should rule the world, which crooked is to see,
I promise you if I might speake without offence of God,
There is no sharper punishment, then is the Rulers rod.
Yea let vs doe euen what we can to rule eth thing aright,
Thou knowest Lorde the waight is such it passeth much our might.
Sensu. ¶Why Syr me thinkes you doe offend, because you thus reppyne,

Agaynst the doinges of that God, whose workes are all deuyne,
He hath plaste you for chiefest here, and vs to be your ayde,
We may not shrinke lyke fearefull ones, but beare the burthen layde,
We may not thinke the burthen great, nor yet the tyme to long,
That God shall kæpe vs in this state, but sæ we doe no wrong.
¶ Wrong (alas) who liueth now and doth the people guyde,
But that agaynst his will, O Lord, his fote shall sometyme slyde,
The matters are so crookt and vyle, that commeth forth ech day,
As how to ende without some wrong, I know not well the way.
¶ A Iudges state is straight indæde, and to be lookte vpon,
But if so straight as you doe feare, then were we wo begon.
But this I thinke if euidence our matters doe desyde,
Our ground is sure, our path is straight, our sentence cannot slyde.
¶ Your if doth well, but if your if, do misse in any case,
How should we end our iorney straight, and haue a crooked race.
But replye on wordes with wordes, doth vaynely spende the tyme,
And tyme ill spent you know right well, is eake a græuous cryme,
What thinges we haue to do you know, what matters to discusse,
The number of them Lorde thou knowest, I thinke to much for vs,
Well it is our charge you know, and therefore doe you two,
Peruse eche playnt with such effect, as Iudges ought to do,
And when you haue with diligence, done it with good aduyce,
I will you ayde to cut of doubtes, if any doe aryse.

With that Sensuality and Voluptas sitteth downe at a Table turning of bokes, and Ioachim kneeling on his knees sayeth.

¶ O God when thou madste man of nought, thou framdste him in suche
As he should still inioy thy grace, and fæle no heauinesse. (blisse,
Vnto thy lykenesse him thou madste, among thy workes of wonder,
And settest him in Paradice, where is no thyrst nor hunger.
This ioyfull lyfe did he leade still, till death the Deuill and Hell,
By disobeying of thy dome did spite his state so well,
He fell from that and now is come, into such weaknesse Lord,
As what a loue of him doth come, by thæ it is abhorde.

Therefore

11632a

Therefore good Lorde since thou haste plaste, me for a Ruler here,
Graunt that no word may passe my mouth, without thy loue and feare

Here entreth Susanna and her two maydes.

Susanna. ¶ I cannot but must marueyle much, of Ioachim my Lorde,
And why he commeth not home to dyne, according to his worde.
Was it not at ry. a Clock that he sayd he would dyne,
How thinke you both in sayth is it not, a little past that tyme.
Serua. ¶ Not much Madam, he is not woont to breake his promyse iust,
Ancilla. ¶ No, no, Madam, he will ere long be with you, you may trust.
Susanna. ¶ What yonder he is me thinkes.
Serua. ¶ It is he in very dæde.

With that she goeth to him and maketh Curtesy.

Susanna. ¶ I will not say vnto you now, what you did cause me thinke,
In dæde I will conceale it now, and at the matter winke.
Ioach. ¶ What Susan doest thou chyde me now, I will tell thee my mynde,
That women there be none at all, but shrewes they are by kynde,
Susanna. ¶ Well, well, to auoyde this controuersye, I will confesse that cryme,
And I pray you hartily to aryse, and let vs home to dyne.

Note that from the entraunce of Susanna, the Iudges eyes shall neuer be of her, till her departure, whispering betweene themselues, as though they talked of her.

Ioach. ¶ What is it dinner tyme so soone, me thinkes it scantly none,
Susanna. ¶ Yes good my Lord I pray you now, make ready and go we soone.

With this Ioachim, Susanna and her two Maydes, go to the Table to the two Elders.

Ioach. ¶ Loe now my maysters you may see, the state of marryed men,
My wyfe is come, I must be gone, I must yelde to her when.
Volup. ¶ And reason good forsoth it is, for euery man to doe,

In some thing as his wyfe shall will, his willing hart vnto.
¶ He speake it well in very dæde, but it were harde to fynde,
If both your wordes and hart did græe in vttering this your mynde,
¶ If he speake not his thought Madam, I dare beshrew his harte,
For as he sayd I thinke in dæde, and shall doe for my parte.
¶ Your conclusyon now I see, is that I should obay,
My wyfe in this her small requeste, well, well, I say not nay,
But Susan come let vs go home, the soner shall we dyne,
As I doe you, so shall you me, obay another tyme.
¶ And reason good in fayth my Lorde, both now and allwayes to,
That I should follow your behestes, as reason wils me do.
¶ Well farewell my Maysters till after noone,
I truste you will dyne, and be here agayne soone.
¶ I warrant you we will not be long,
¶ If we should, we should do you wrong.

Here Ioachim, Susanna, and her two maydes depart, and the Iudges make vp their Bokes and ryse, and Voluptas speaketh.

¶ Now Mayster Sensuality I would mayster Doctor were here,
¶ I had rather talke with him, then heare of this geare.

And so shut their Bokes.

¶ Oh Venus that hath suffred me, to quench my youthfull fyre,
With loue of those from tyme to time, that I did most desyre.
And Cupid to that neuer earst didst sæke to quench the hart.
Of her to whome thou gauest might to mittigate my smart,
Continue still your friendly guyse, to me your auncient man,
And now with poynt of pearcing dart, doe cause that fayre Susan,
May loue agayne those that loue her, graunt this you Gods to me,
and pull away euen what you will, I craue no more but she.
¶ Or if you Gods haue any power, as auncient Poets fayne,
Marke well my wordes which from the hart procæde I tell you playne.
If any man in all the world haue cause for to reploe,
I must confesse and thanke you to, the same is very I,

1632a

I neuer yet did fancy her, I thanke you of your grace,
But you vouchsafte to giue her me, with time as mete as place.
Now those which in felicitie by your good grace haue bene,
That you will here thus cast them of, let not those dayes be seene,
Graunt to vs now that Susan may graunt loue for loue agayne,
Thrise happy then shall be our dayes, we shall be voyde of payne.

Volup. ¶ What wight in all this world hath fortune so faunde on,
As she hath done on Joachims syde, in truth I thinke of none,
A wyfe quoth a: No, no, I think an Aungell sure she be,
Why all this world, nor ten worldes mo, haue any such as she.
The fewter of her formed face, the glistering of her eyne,
Her shoulders that are quadrant to, her nose that is so fyne.
Her cheekes that are so chery red, her lippes so red and thin,
Her smyling cheare which often shewes the pittes vpon her chin.
Her brestes that are so round and fayre, her armes that are so long,
Her fyngers straight with vaynes beset, of blew and white among.
Her middle small, her body long, her buttockes broade and round,
Her legges so straight, her foote so small, the like treades not on ground
I thinke that Nature which made her, cannot make like agayne,
Or else that she a Goddesse is, I thinke I tell you playne,
A Judge quoth a: A Jugler Lorde, I would thou madste of me,
So that I had to Jugle with, such iugling staffe as she.

Sensua. ¶ Why Syr are you a Jugler now, I pray you aunswere me,
What is the iugling staffe you craue, if graunted it may be.

Volup. ¶ You know your selfe no Nicromancie, but yet of Legerdemayne,
A cast or two but secretly would right well please vs twayne,

Sensua. ¶ By God I would spende my best cote to fish within her pole,
And yet my father in fishers arte was neuer but a fole.
But what for that it forceth not, if we might spie a place,
And time that well may serue the turne, I will put forth the case,
But we are counted Elders here, and doe the people guide,
And that we doe must secrete be, least that we be espide,
For God, or for his threatninges, I passe it not a straw,
But for myne honour in this world, is it I stand in aw.

Volup. ¶ You say I doe assure you, as I my selfe doe thinke,
The time that we haue here to liue, it lasteth but a winke,

And

And when that we are dead and gone, then rest we in the ground,
And out of doubt beside this lyfe, none other life is found,
Therefore I doe assure you, I mente and doe meane still,
By right or wrong, by force or frawde, to lyue and haue my will,
To eate and drinke to quaffe and play, I care not in what sort,
To leade my life full merrily in euery kinde of sporte.
And for to haue the company of such a one as shee,
I will oppresse a thousand soles to giue her gold and fee.
Marry alwayes in our Garmentes sad and graue we must vs show,
And that shall still our lightnesse hyde, that no man shall it know,
But yet our enterpryse seemeth great, that we doe meane to doe,
For Susan is a secrete Dame, reporte me vnto you.
And take her credite is so great, that if she doe denye,
The moste and least in all the world, beleeue her by and by,
And therefore let vs seeke and know eche daunger still afore,
And so our ship shall safely sayle, and we may keepe on shore.
And therefore if we could by crafte, some slaunder on her rayse,
It might helpe well our credite when, we seeke our lust to please.
¶ I promise thee I must accompt, thy wits to be deuyne,
Thy sences are of such effect, how far do they passe myne.
I know a mate full meete for this, if I knew his resorte,
A fellow for this tow alone, his name is Ill Report.
Why see how good our fortune is, see how he commeth yond
And we to see his entraunce now, in Corner here will stand.

The Vice entreth, and looketh not at them.

¶ Twixt Douer and Kent,
Except I misuent,
Is myles fyue and ourty,
Twixt London and Powles,
Are cobdes headed nowles,
A shamefull company,
Twixt Freshingfield & feuershã,
And Norwich and Ludham,
A myle and a halfe,
Twixt Dunington and Dawbny
If you will beleeue mee,
Is a Cow and a Calfe,
At Framlingtowne Steeple,
Amongest all the people,
Are Dysters to sell.
At the signe of the Blowe,
Is a very fayre Sowe,
I know her by the smell.

At

11632a

The Commody of Susanna.

At Baddingham Bay,
A woman harde say,
Lay ships at an Anker:
The best red wyne,
That euer dranke swyne,
at the signe of the Tanker,
On shooters hill,
Is such a Wyndmill,
To grinde Gonpowder withall
as old womens bones,
Are saued for the nones,
To kéepe worke withall.
Who Robin who,
How far wilt thou go,
From Rommey to Rome,
Well it makes no matter,
Who can lye and flatter,
May come agayne sone.
Why what kynde of weather,
Did bring me hither,
Or what make I here:
Examine me well,
For I cannot tell,
Is not this good geare,
Well euen lyke a mone,
I must pack and be gone,
To one place or other,
My Dad is so black,
That what I doe lack,
I aske of my mother.

The Vyce running out, is stayde by Sensualitie, who sayeth.

Sensua. ¶ Why friend know you not me?
Ill Rep. ¶ Why man I know not my selfe.
Volup. ¶ No, art not thou a Phisition?
Ill Rep. ¶ No by my troth Syrs in no condition,
Volup. ¶ No, I trow we two gaue thee ten pounde,
Ill Rep. ¶ Mary syr and I am glad that such guestes I haue found,
For the law sayth playnly thus, looke what a man doth giue,
Is irrecompensible sure, so long as God doth liue.
But you shall haue your come agayne so sone as God is dead,
Or else take all my Landes and goods, and also take this head,
Till then my maysters recorde beare, what you doe heare and sée,
These gentlemen doe both confesse, that they did giue it me.
Volup. ¶ Why friend shall we lose our Money?
Ill Rep. ¶ Why fole though I know not Phisick I know a connye.
Sensua. ¶ Mayster Voluptas for the Money force not, he is a good fellow,
And will otherwyse deserue it, I doe right well know,
Volup. ¶ I will say no more of it, but doe remitte the saume,
But I pray thee tell me what is thy name?

¶ Mary

¶ Mary Syr a woman.
¶ What art thou a man, and haste a womans name?
¶ Why syr are you a woman, and haue a man to your Dame.
¶ Nay I pray thee iest not but tell me thy name.
¶ In fayth syr she can doe you no pleasure, for she goeth with crooches.
¶ Who goeth vpon crooches I pray thee tell,
¶ Mary my Dame syr her Arse is not well.
For she had a vengeaunce hote payne betweene her legges,
And her Surgeon hath maymed her with driuing in pegges.
¶ Thou art a merry fellow, I aske thee thy name?
¶ By my Fathers soule syr I know not the same,
But yet I will talke lyke a mayster of arte,
Though my chaese erudition hath bene at the Carte,
Twirt Ilfarde, Redding and Portsmouth,
You shall fynde my name I tell you forsooth.
¶ If thou werte gentle, thou wouldst not sende me so farre,
But friendly declare and show what you are.
¶ Why whether I be friendly or no, in fayth thou arte foolish,
And mad to I thinke, that vnderstandest not English,
Take the fyrst Syllable of these Townes three,
And what my name is thou shalt playnely see.
¶ I will rid the stryfe, and tell in playner sorte,
His name as I tolde you, is Ill Reporte.
¶ What playne Ill Report, no mayster at all,
in fayth for all your bloody gowne, I will rap you on the scall.
¶ Why gentle Mayster Ill Reporte it is a friendly parte,
With playne wordes to salute a friend, procaeding from the harte,
And I dare speake in your behalfe, although you seeme to sweare,
That friendly you do take his wordes, as we doe friendship beare.
¶ Geue me thy hande my friend, I sweare by my Dad and Lorde,
Thou art arse honest a man, as is in the vniarshole worlde.
Thou louest me, and thou louest me, and I loue thee. and I loue thee,
And is not Ill Reporte Voluptuousnesse, and Sensualitie,
A glorious and blessed trinitie, a pestelence on you both,
¶ Let vs leaue now mayster Ill Reporte,
¶ Why kuaue doste thou check me in such a sorte.

¶ No

1632a

Sensu. ¶ No syr, but we haue waighty matters to discus,
And for your wysedomes sake we account you chefe of vs,
And because it concerneth womens kynde,
I know you as good as any man may fynde.

Ill Rep. ¶ In womens geare I am alone, it is my whole delight,
And I will helpe you in that case, be it wrong or right,

Volup. ¶ Well then I will be sorte vnto thee man,
We burne both with lust to Susan.

Ill Rep. ¶ And Venus with Bacchus for wyne, and Ceres for Corne,
Is alwayes colde, and thou burnest after a horne.

Volup. ¶ Why syr, why say you so,

Ill Rep. ¶ Thyne owne wordes in such sort go.
Didst not thou say to me euen now man,
That thou waste in loue, and could not get thy shoes on.

Volup. ¶ No syr, no, I speake of Susanna.

Ill Rep. ¶ Who syr, the countrey hath no peare a,
And is not a Peates feather I pray thee a,
Better to pull on thy shoes a,
Then to pull them on with thy fyngers end a.

Volup. ¶ We talke of Ioachims wyfe, whose name in Latten is Susan

Ill Rep. ¶ Oh oh, Est nomen Mulieris,
And you would haue, tactus ipsius ventris.
You loue well Salmon of the meses,
For a womans belly your dyet doth please,
But if you meane to haue my helpe, to forteby your sorte,
All that I can doe is, to giue her an ill Reporte.
By which meanes if you proue, and cannot spede,
That she despyes you, the peoples cares I will rede,
Whereby, and by your demure countenaunce,
You shall by loue or feare, obtayne your desyred balyaunce.

Sensua. ¶ O excellent wit, and friendship vnrecompensable,
We will requyte you with the lyke, if euer we be able.

Ill Rep. ¶ By my troth you say very well, for to do the common sorte,
in recompence of a good turne, giue an ill reporte.
Well get you packing to dinner, and when you fynde her alone,
Spede your purpose if you may, and let me alone.
For I will cloke your doinges, and hers shall be the blame,

You shall doe the fault, and she shall haue the shame,
Well once agayne adue.
¶ And to be shoꝛt as much agayne to you.

Here go out the Indges, and the Vice taryeth still.

¶ Must not a common welth,
Be nædes in good health,
That haue such Rulers,
They are syck of the sweat,
And to anoyde their heat,
They must haue colers,
They must nædes spæde well,
That know I come from hell,
And sæke myne aduyce,
Well doe them not blame,
Foꝛ to open shame,
I will them intyce.
And so at the last,
I shall bring to passe
My Fathers desyꝛe,
Foꝛ Susan oꝛ the Judge,
To please his olde grudge,
Shall burne in his fyꝛe,
What seace Knaue seace,
Holde thy tongue and be peace,
What is he comes here,
It is Joachim alas,
I will be gone by the Passe,
It is he that I feare.

Ioachim entreth, and the Vice runneth out.

¶ Seuen tymes is sayd that in one day, the iust man doth offend,
Then seuen tymes seuen doe I alas, good Loꝛde doe it amend,
And graunt that what I take in hande, oꝛ what I shall begin,
May guyded be by thy good grace, and so I shall not sinne.
Well to sæ what my mates haue done, to helpe ech poꝛe mans case,
I will absent my selfe a whyle, and get me from this place,
But yet beforꝛe that I go hence, Loꝛd shield me with thy might,
And graunt me by thy wonted grace, to iudge eche thing aright,
I passe not of this pomped woꝛlde, noꝛ might that is therein,
I sæke good Loꝛde by thy good grace, in heauen a place to win.
And therefoꝛe I assure my self, my hope shall be no lesse,
That if thou guide me with thy grace, I shall obtayne thy blesse.
And so shall all that vertue sækes, and liue here on the ground,
And they that doe the contrary, God will them sure confound.
Well waighty busynesse cals me hence, to God I leaue you all,

Who

11632a

The Commody of Susanna.

Who graunt vs all to stand vpright, and not in sinne to fall.

Here goeth out Ioachim, and Susannas two mayds enter.

Ancilla. ¶When fyrst I came into the Court, where we doe serue and dwell,
What I did thinke would moue you laugh, if I that tale should tell.

Serua. ¶To laugh sometyme is medsonable, therefore thou mayest do well,
Thy merry thought to vtter now, that tyme doth serue to tell.

Ancilla. ¶I heard once in my fathers house, a Gentleman declare,
The worthy customes of the court, and eake the Princely fare,
The gorgeous Garmentes of eche Dame, their tyne and famous lyfe,
The noble workes of amorous Knights, their stoute and louing stryfe,
The pleasure of eche worthy Dame, how they doe hunt and hawke,
And wearyed with eche pastyme thus, the streates how they did walk
The noble maskes that were showed forth in euery winters night,
The Reuels and the reueling cheare, that did eche harte delight,
Musitions how they did deuyse, with songes to please the eare,
And Musickes arte by instrument that gladded hartes to heare,
And sometyme the poore mans chylde, that there is plaste to be,
To honour clymes for vertues sake, and brought to hye degree,
Tush, then was I on fyre set, till I could get the grace,
Of Fathers and of mothers graunt, to dwell in such a place,
They graunted me, and I was glad, thus came I here to dwell,
But now I thinke both you and I, another tale can tell,
And yet can none of vs denye, but that his wordes were true,
But that pertaynes not to my state, nor yet belonges to you.
For we but wayters are on them, that leade these happy days,
We trudge and trauayle and take payne, they do possesse the prayse,
Thus when I thinke how wyde I shot, when I shot at this marke,
I laugh to see how ready youth is still to chaunge his worke,
I leapte from ease and quyet state, within my natiue soyle,
And came into a stranger ayre, to trauayle and to toyle.

Serua. ¶And can you laugh at this conceite, then I will make make you smile
When tyme and place shall serue agayne, for vs to talke a whyle,
But now let vs be packing hence, our Dame may thinke vs long,
She will forsoth giue vs the right, if we giue her the wrong.

¶ Harke Serua, harke, the clock strikes one, tis tyme for vs to go,
It is a poynt of pollicy, to loue and feare a throw.

They go out, and Sensualitie and Voluptas enter.

¶ Heu mihi quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis,
Wo to me wretch, wo once agayne, wo to this day and hower,
Wherein my heate of ardent loue, will cole with hearbe nor flower,
Wo to the God that sendes the loue, wo to hun beares the Dart,
And can so stryke as will not heale, by hearbe or medicines arte,
Wo to my selfe that fyrt my hart, where I cannot revoke,
Wo to that blynde boy once agayne, that gaue my hart the stroke.
if I may fynde a tyme and place, to cole this my desyre
I will doe it to spyte the Gods, I care not for their yre.
¶ Sensualitas my friend, you know as well as I,
How fyrst we found by secrete meanes Susannas haunt to spye,
She goeth ech day when she hath dynde, vnto a certayne spring,
Within her Orcharde her to wash, which is a wholesome thing.
There were we sure at the least, our eyes to fyll and please,
Be quiet then, that may perhaps, our sorrowes partly ease.
¶ We say full well, and I thinke sure, if we could closely hyde,
Our selues within some couert place, a tyme there might be spyde,
Wherein we might take her alone, and then through loue or might,
We would haue both our pleasure there, to voyd this sorrowfull plight
¶ Well let vs go and hyde our selues, within that Orcharde then,
For after dinner she comes there, I know her wonted when,
And Iii Report vs promysed, what so we say or doe,
That he would scuse vs of the fault, and blame Susanna to.
¶ Haue with you then with all my hart, O Lord that she were there,
Away apace, go on afore, me thinke she commeth here.

Here they go afore into the Orchard, and Susanna and her two maydes come vpon the stage.

¶ If any woman in this world, my God may iustly prayse.
It is I good Lorde aboue the rest, that liueth in these days.

Thou

Thou blessest me my Lord my God, and take my louing Spouse,
My Cattayle in the field abroade, my seruauntes in the house.
My Corne both in the Barne and field, doth yeld full great increase,
And thus O Lord thy benifytes, towardes vs doth neuer cease.
O Lorde doe graunt that these thy giftes doe not our hartes so fyll,
That if thou lay thy hand on vs, we take that part for ill.
But as by this thy prouidence, we liue and take our rest,
We may if any Worme doe fall, account it for the best.
Ancilla haue you warnde the Cooke, his busynesse so to ende,
As slacknesse in the same his acte, my Lorde doe not offende.

Ancilla. ¶ Yea Madam ech thing is prest, and shall be in good hower,
He is right carefull for his parte, I doe it you assure.

Susanna. ¶ And Serua haue you for your part done that I bid you doe,

Serua. ¶ Those thinges which you gaue me in charge,
My selfe haue done them to.

Susanna. ¶ Well then will I go wash my selfe, to the Orchard let vs go.

Here they goe into the Orchard.

Me thinkes the wether very warme, the season very hote,
And yet there is a thing or two, that both you haue forgot.

Ancilla. ¶ What is that Madame?

Susanna. ¶ Neyther of you both I thinke, haue brought me sope and oyle,
To wash the Sweate of from my skin, or rid away the soyle.
Well go you both togither hence, I thinke you know wherefore,
And spede agayne, but here you hoe, make fast the Orchard doore.

Serua. ¶ Yes forsoth.

Here they go out and shut the Orchard dore.

Ancilla. ¶ Prone with your sute, if that the Doore, as we were bad be lockt,

Serua. ¶ I warrant him that must come here, must stande a while and knock.

Ancilla. ¶ How say you friend and fellow both, did we not go hence well,
Gods blessing haue his honest harte, that fyrst did found that bell.
You sayd if you remember well, when I did tell my tale,
To recompence the same with like, you sayd you would not fayle.

¶ You

¶ You say but true, and to it then, for losing of the tyme,
My Mother is a Farmers wyfe, her maydes doe serue her swyne,
But here you what, if I agayne were at my countrey home,
I would not leape thus to the court, to sit there lyke a mome.
For pleasure more is in one bower, there with our Gill and Jack,
Then here is in fyue hundred yeres, for nothing there doth lack,
There had I for to run abroade my free and youthly will,
Here may we not once pepe for feare, our mouthes are shut vp still,
I nothing doubt but when I shall, to mother make my mone,
For lack of talke my tongue and lippes togither will be growne,
Well chaunge I would this my straight life, I tell you for my parte,
And he that brought me to the court beshrew his naked harte.
¶ Not long ago I heard one say, I thinke he ment by vs,
A latten sence, and this it was, Nemo sua sorte contentus,
Women are inquisitiue, I asked him what he ment,
He sayd not one in all this world, was with his chaunce content,
¶ Well we must now, and therefore peace, and let vs go our way,
For we it is that must accoumpt which way we spend the day.

Here they go out, and the two Iudges that lye hidden talke in this wise.

¶ The greatest scourge that may be giuen, to any liuing wight,
I feele it now, alas, alas, that she is in my sight.
Why Cupids flames doe burne my harte, why see my tormentes here,
And yet to ease my hugy smart, I dare not proue for feare.
Now is the tyme and let it go, we neuer fynde the lacke,
And yet to heale my secrete wo, my hart is now to sacke.
¶ Peace friend, consyder well your state, and let your sorrow slake,
For I it is that must and will this matter on me take,
if you do this with languishing our presence here deserue,
Before that we lay handes on her then were we neare the nye.
Peace I say, I say be still, I will to her alone,
And follow you as you see tyme, as soone as I am gone,
¶ I will.
¶ Fayre Lady be you not afrayde that you doe see vs heare,

We

We both be come to doe you good, and not to yeld you feare,
You see the Orchard doores are fast, the walles are close and iust,
In all this worlde none can vs see, we may do what we iust,
I say agayne in all this world none can see what we do,
We burne towarde thee with feruent iust consent vs therefore to,
We are but men, and of that kinde, that then thy selfe arte made,
Come lye with vs, we loue thee well, Susan be not afrayde,
For if thou wilt not then we shall, a testimoniall lay,
Against thee of a maruailous force, and thus both we will say,
A yongman with thee here we found, in very secrete sporte,
Which caused thee away to send thy maydes in such a sorte.

Susanna. ¶ Alas me thinkes your thoughtes and wordes together do not gree,
You are of age, and know right well, that no such sinne should be,
You know also God doth it curse, and cake our lawe on earth,
Doth recompence such sinners to, with sharpe and cruell death.
And therefore good my friend I say, doe leaue as you begon,
And I will holde me so content, and hyde that you haue done.

Sensu. ¶ Nay, nay Madame, we meane not so, we meane to haue our will,
For you consent you shall vs fynde both sure and secrete still,
And so we may haue company, no wight can vs correct,
And this I know assuredly, no man will vs suspect,
This doe, or elle I sweare for troth, we shall declare at large,
as this my friend hath sayd afore, which were to great a charge,
Therfore consent we might haue done, while we haue vsde this talke
If not doe you assure you, our euidence shall walke.

Susanna. ¶ Oh Lord, o God, oh King of blisse, what stormes doe stop my breth,
If I fulfill your filthy iust, I know it braides my death,
And if I doe not, then ah, alas, you trap me in your bandes,
And thus can I pore Innocent, by no meanes scape your handes,
Well better it is without the act, your daunger to fall in,
Then to attempt my Lord my God with this so vyle a sinne.

Se. Vo. ¶ Helpe, helpe, helpe.

Here two seruauntes of the house run out, and breake open the Orchard dore, and asketh what is the matter, and then Voluptas speaketh.

¶ What is the matter?
¶ It was our chaunce in ending things, which we haue for to ende,
Secretly to common here, where none should here our mynde,
And lying close and secrete still, we shame to much to shew,
But what we saw, we kæpe it close, till Joachim may it know.
a. ¶ There is but one that liueth for aye, and seth euery thing,
He knoweth the fruite of euery træ, before the braunche doe spring,
I leaue to him in this my næde, that which I haue to do,
I am but one, thou knowest my God, these wicked men are two.
¶ Me thinkes this matter very straunge, and soundes not lyke a truth
My Mistresse vertue all the world haue noted from her youth.
¶ Our Mistresse, yea she doth her lyfe, in such sorte still direct,
As fyckle fame at no tyme durst, her honest lyfe suspect,
I tell thæ true Seruus my friend, I flatter not for mæde,
It shalbe found that they them selues haue wrought this wicked dæde
And cause that she would not consent, to serue their fylthy lust, (trust,
They haue wrought this to scuse themselues, Seruus thou mayst me
¶ Come away, come away, in fayth Madame, you are a secrete whore
Full long haue I mistrusted it, though I toke you not before.
¶ A whore, yea vyle and fylthye whore, fye on it fylthy acte,
I thinke a thousand of her toyes, the vyldest whore doth lack.

Here goe out the two Iudges and Susanna, and sayeth as she goeth.

ia. ¶ Why God if I most synfull wight, might reason once with thæ,
Canst thou permit and suffer still, these wicked thus to lye?
My sorrowes all and some I sende, them to thy heauenly throne,
Receiue my sobbing teares oh Lord, and ease me that do mone.

They be gone.

s. ¶ Harde you not my fellow deare, I thought her hart had broke,
And eke my soule did sorrow much, to here the wordes she spoke,
But I know this assuredly, that if she guiltlesse bæ,
God will defende the innocent, from cruell destinie,
ep. ¶ Guiltlesse man, yes assuredly, and marke what I doe tell,
Thou shalt sæ them dye shamefully, and she shall doe full well,
Why God himselfe hath spoken this, the fruite showeth euery træ,

And

And marke if synce thou knowest her fyrst, where is one such as shée,
She serueth God deuoutly still, she helpeth eke the poore,
And to ayde them that want releefe, she goeth from doore to doore,
And now in this her greatest néede, she doth vpon God call,
I promise thée I trust in God, he will not let her fall,

Seruus kneele downe. ¶ Oh Lord that neuer didst refuse, a synners iust complaynt,
With teares I aske releefe of thée, in this her great constraint,
That if she guiltlesse be good Lorde, as I doe hope full well, (tell,
Doe strength her Lorde, and teache her tongue, which way her tale to
Not Lord that thou haste néede of vs, but for to heape thy prayse,
Which thy deserte shall herein get, for now and euer alwayes,
The world shall wonder at thy worke, and alwayes in thée trust,
Because thou doest deliuer her, from those that are vniust.

Tru Rep. ¶ Ryse vp Seruus, for I haue heard, eare this some men to say,
The sore that suddayne taken is, doth soonest weare away.
And ofte the paynter in his worbes, to shew the fayrer whyte,
Doth set the blackest black of all, agaynst it ouer right.
And I haue heard, and so haue you, our mistresse often say,
Why Lorde doest thou loue me so well, that liue in welth alway,
Graunt to me God once in my lyfe, a little péece of thrall,
But stande by me good Lord I say, let me not synke nor fall.
And this hath God I warrant thée, done for to shew his might,
And though her case doe now séeme crookte, he will set it aright.
You sée that tyme weares fast away, and we haue much to do,
Let vs go home and nothing say, as nought at all we knew.

Ioachim entreth loking about him.

Ioach. ¶ Are not the Iudges yet come here, alas what is their care,
They wayghe at all no poore mans case, but plye their daintye fare,
I hearde of late, I trust not true, they care not who doe curse,
Or who doe blesse they sorce it not, so they may fyll their purse,
Oh Lord thou knowest how thou doest hate, ỹ wicked bribing wight,
And I know Lord not one at all, can hyde him from thy sight,
And if they be such wicked men, as Fame hath spread for true,
Doe teache them Lord to mend their fault, & frame themselues anew.
Thou glorieſt not in sinners seate, which from thy lawes remeue,

Thou graunteſt them tyme of thy grace, for to repent and liue,
I ſpeake but as the common bruite, hath fylled euery eare,
I hope my ſelfe oh Lord my God, they do thee loue and feare,
Well ſynce they are not come in deede, I will go home agayne,
Where till they come in vewing thinges, my ſelfe will take ſome
And God preſerue and bleſſe you all, I ſpeake to eche degree, (payne
And he alwayes remayne with you, and alſo go with me.

Here goeth out Ioachim, and Helchia and his wyfe enter.

1. ¶ Sorrow oft tymes doth trye a man, it is a manly part,
When ſorrowes doe oppreſſe a man, to ſhew a manly harte,
Where weeping will not vayle nor helpe, nor curteſy will ſerue,
What vayleth then a manly hart, his courage to let ſwerue,
Well wyfe ſhe is our daughter deare, and we her parentes eke,
Vertuous euer me thought the wenche, gentle, wyſe, and meeke.
And for our partes thou knoweſt O Lorde, it was our chiefeſt awe,
Our Daughter to inſtruct and teach, the trade of Moyſes lawe,
And therefore Lord if our offence, or elſe her owne deſarte,
Haue bene the cauſe of this her fall, yet qualifie her ſmarte,
And graunt that with her lyfe, her fame may alſo dye,
And that we heare no more her fault, this onely bowne aſke I.
¶ The loſſe of goods ſometyme doth moue, a man his hart to breake,
But of his childe: Ah, me alas, my ſobs nill let me ſpeake,
Theſe breſts my Spouſe, with tender milke, proceeding from my hart
Did giue her ſuck, did nourith her, alas moſte greeuous ſmart,
And from my breſt vntill you gaue, her to be made a wyfe,
I nourisht her in God his feare, and loued her as my lyfe.
5. And ſure I am thoſe wicked men that doe accuſe her ſtill,
Doe it becauſe that ſhe her ſelfe, would not obay their will.
Then Lorde of thy bye maieſty, this only bowne aſke I,
By guilty meanes thou wilt not let, an innocent to dye.
a. ¶ Peace wyfe, attempt not God, thou knoweſt all fleſh is frayle.
¶ I know alſo where is Gods feare, ſuch luſt cannot preuayle.
¶ Peace fye, I know as well as you, that God can well withſtande

All kynde of ill that may befall, but who can scape his hande.
If God to shew vs what we are, doth suffer vs to fall,
What flesh can that O Lorde withstand, not one amongst vs all,
And yet he shall not thinke by this, that I doe iudge it true,
That this is layde vnto her charge, and both we thus doe rue.

Vxor. ¶ True, no, no, alas, not true I trust it be,
And yet that she shall dye therefore, both our two eyes shall see.

Helchia. ¶ Fye wyfe how oft haue thou, thy neighbours greefe relæued,
And why in this thy owne distresse, are all thy sences mæued,
Doest thou not know our Lorde and God is able to make right,
The weakest parte of simple men, agaynst all Tyrantes spight,
Doest thou not know how God himselfe did Toby alwayes ayde,
And sent him home his sonne agayne, for whome he was dismayde,
And knowest not eake, how that that God, the more to shew his might
When Toby had long tyme bene blynde, he gaue to him his sight,
Remember how the children thræ for seruing God aright,
Were thrust into the burning Ouen, with Terrour and with spight,
And how that he defended them, amidst the flaming fyre,
And made the Prince prayse him by them, and mittigate his yre,
These and a thousand samples mo, Gods goodnesse still doth shew,
That God will guiltlesse let her dye, good wyfe doe not thinke so.

Vxor. ¶ Gods goodnesse and his power and might, all liuing creatures see,
And therefore Lorde euen as thou wilt, we leaue it vnto thee,

Helchia. ¶ You say right well, and in distresse, friendes comfort euery man,
We will go see her beautinesse, and ease her if we can.

Here they go out and the Vice entreth and sayeth, in my best peticote. &c, with a bell in his hande.

Ill Rep. ¶ In my best petticote,
Is there a hole,
My sister burnt it with a cole
A skeane of silke
Will not make it whole,
will ye by any sand mistresse.
Now I desyre
The por and wylde fyre,
And all the plagues of Hell,
May recompence his mæde
That first wrought this dæde
To giue me this bell.
Ill Report is a cryer, Ring
And a common lyer. Bell.

As euery knaue sayth now:
In sayth I was an honest man,
But I cannot tell whan,
Come sporte me to you.
is it not prety geare,
That I must spend and weare,
My shoes in this sorte,
And trot about the countrey,
Upon my ten toed Palfray,
It is a prety sporte.
Know you not Joachims wyfe,
it is a parte with a mischefe,
She must haue two at ones:
There is neuer a wench here.
But in her best geare,
Would haue flesh without bones
Why, why, do you winke,
Shame to you that shame thinke,
it is but your kynde:
So you may do it courtly,
And cloke it honestly,
You care not where you kynde.
wel I wold maister gailer would
Then shall all and some, (come
Know the cause of my comming:
it is as I feare,
For other manner of geare,
Then for masking or mumming.

Then the Gaylor commeth in.

¶ What Ill Reporte how do ye?
¶ I come to seeke a knaue I thinke it be ye.
¶ What sweare not fellow, it is not an howre ago,
Since we were both knaues, the people sayeth so.
But what busynesse haste thou to do?
¶ Why you shitten knaue, what is that to you,
¶ The cause why I come hither now, is my maisters will to done
And to tell thee that Sulanna shall be here araigned sone.
¶ And worthy to I make God auow, but what ill luck had I,
That could not get graunt, to hunt in her haunt before that she dye.
Dispatche I pray thee, for yonder I see, the Judges are comming,
And therefore take payne, I say once agayne, let vs doe something.
¶ We neede not synce we are here redy.

Here entreth Iudex, Sensualitas, Voluptas, and Susanna, and Iudex speaketh.

¶ Who liueth in this world, and hath to guide the people to,
Haue worke ynough I warrant you, and more then he can do

Here

The Commody of Susanna.

Here haue I now a busynesse, that is of meruaylous waight,
The way to fynde the truth thereof, is also very straight.
But yet in doing of the same, I would we had begone,
The sooner that we do begin, the sooner is it done.
What Bayly haue ye here the crye, that I wilde you to make:

Bayly. ¶Yea my Lorde.

Here the Iudge sitteth downe.

Iudex. ¶Then let the Cryer here an O yes make,
And you your selfe dos to him make the order of the crye,
And let him speake it after you, come of and do you hye.

Bayly. ¶Ill Reporte make an O yes here.

Then Ill Report goeth vp.

Ill Rep. ¶Helpe me vp.

Bayly. ¶O yes.
All manner creatures,
That haue humayne features,
And dwell within this Lande,
Come in and disclose,
What you heare and suppose,
By this woman Susan,
And what you can tell,
Shall now be heard well;
As reason it is,
Your worke shall be good,
In sauing her blood,
If she did not amis,
But if she be guilty,
Then is it necessitie,
That she die for her sinne,
Then what you can say,
Let vs know straight way,
For the Court doth begin.

¶Ill Report. O yes.
All maner traytours,
That are yeomen feutours,
That leade Dogges in bande,
Doe stop well your nose,
For feare of the pose,
And giue me your hand.
And if you cannot smell,
Then are you not well,
For reasons by gis:
Will doe you small good,
But chaunge your good blood,
To stinking ywis.
But if you be guiltie,
With order of necessitie,
By shyting so thin:
Then get you away,
And that straight way,
And to clense you begin.

Here shall the Cryer, the Bayly, and the rest go stand before the Iudge and tell him the crie is made.

¶ Cryer call Susanna.
¶ Susanna.
¶ Here my Lorde.
¶ Stand forth and holde vp thy hand,
¶ If any here within this court there is that can detect,
This woman guilty of that cryme, whereof she is suspect,
Come forth and say your mindes at large, and all that you know true
For now is time and other time, you haue not that to do,
¶ My Lorde Susanna is the wighte, whose fault we must accuse,
And what she is that standeth there, we can do nought but muse.
She is so muffled about the face, we thinke it is not she,
A crafty Dame may compasse so to haue vs go awry.

Voluptas shall seeme to whisper in the others eare.

¶ Thou sayest as wel as hart can think, for though we could not touch
Yet pleasing our eyes with this her sight shall serue our lust as much.
¶ What peace horeson.
My Lorde vnder correction, I meane to see her face,
And know if it be she or no, before I speake in place.
¶ Discouer her face Cayly.
¶ I will my Lorde.
Come on fayre Lady you here your selfe, what I am bid to do.
¶ I pray thee Cayler holde thee still my selfe wil do it to,
O liuing God that all thing seeth, what meanes this crueltie,
Doe not I fade ynough good Lord, but all the world must see,
I mourne the lesse, O Lord thou knowest an innocent to dye,
And yet my greefe is to to great, to end with infamy.
Yet Lorde I leaue me to thy will, and I wil say no more,
Thou art my strength in thee I hope, I haue none other power.
¶ Now Cryer holde them a Beke.
Lay on you handes and marke well what I shall say,
The euidence that you shall giue against this woman here,
Is for trothes sake, and not for malice, for hatred nor for feare.
For we shall declare the truth of all, and there from it all not slyde,
Nor any part of it at all from vs you shall not hyde.

This

They kis the Boke. This is your charge I charge you with, see thereto you doe loke,
You swere by God who knoweth all, and also by this Booke.

Sensua. ¶ As we two in the Orcharde walkte, and none but we alone, (home,
In came this woman with two maydes, but straight she sent them
And wayghty charge she gaue them both, we could but muse wherfore
In any case that they should shut, and spar the Orchard doore,
With that a yong man straight slept forth, that hidden secrete lay,
And came to her right shamefullye, and found her Venus play.
For vs to see the ende of this, in secrete corner stode,
The open sight of this fowle deede, appalde our auncient blode.
And when we saw with both our eyes, that they had lyen togither,
Pretending for to take the wretch, our selues we did discouer.
But when we layde our handes of him, we could not hold him still,
His strength was of much fortitude, and ours very ill,
This done, he hyde him to the gate, and so from thence away,
For reason sayth one lusty blod, two weake men cannot stay.
Now when this woman thus we toke, Dame (quoth we) what is he,
That thus your husbandes bed hath fyld, as we with sorrow see,
But she because that tyme would helpe, to frame a lye full well,
And craftily then could hold her peace, and spared that to tell.
So this the matter is in deede, and both we witnesse be,
And as we meane to aunswere it, we say but what we see.

Iudex. ¶ Now say you syr, I charge you now, by the oth that you did take,
Is this conclusyon but the truth, that this your friend doth make.

Volup. ¶ True Syr, yea true in deede, I would there were no cause,
For Ioachim her husbandes sake, to punish her with lawes.

Iudex. ¶ Susanna now thou seest here the euidence of these men,
Speake for thy selfe it is high tyme, what haste thou to say then,
Wherefore thou oughtest not to dye, for I must sentence giue,
Speake forth or else I know not how, that longer thou shouldste liue,

Susanna. ¶ Oh God, oh King, oh mighty one, oh euerliuing Lorde,
What secretes is there thou seest not, what sinne is not abhorde,
Before eche thing doe come to passe, thou knowest what it will be,
Thou knowest good Lorde these wicked men, haue falsly blamed me.
Because I would not to their lust, most shamefully consent,
Agaynst me Lorde thou knowest they doe, this matter thus inuent.

Behold my God I dye therefore, through mallice of their harte,
Therefore my God receaue my soule, none else can ease my smarte.
¶ Susanna holde thee still a whyle, and harken to my talke,
Thy earthly dayes are almost past, now must thou change thy walke
Then sayst here before thy face, how playne thy fault is seene,
For as I doe I must nedes doe, although thou werte a Queene,
Be thou therefore attentiue to, and harken to thy doome,
Repent the life is gone and past, thinke on the life to come.
Know that there is a God in deede, on whome I heard thee call,
That were thy sinnes ten times as great, he would forgiue them all,
Well hence thou must and to the place, where thou shalt end thy life,
Lo, thus I end my sentence now, and thou shalt end thy stryfe.

Here the Iudge ryseth, and Susanna is led to execution, and God rayseth the spirite of Danyell.

II. ¶ Oh foolish folke of Israell, that know not ill from good,
I am you for an innocent, and guiltlesse of this blood. (waight
¶ I pray thee friend what meane thy wordes, which seeme of such a
Disclose the secretes of thy mynde, and tell vs thereof straight,
II. ¶ That I meane speake, I tell you true, shall straight be playnly sayd,
Why? are you fooles O Israell, or are your wits dismayde.
Or haue you not the pollicie, the truth to know and trie,
Why haue you now condemned here, this Israelite to die.
And that which worst is yet of all, and filleth her harte with ruth,
You haue done this (oh foolish men) and haue not knowen the truth.
Go sit in iudgement once agayne, the witnesse they haue borne,
Is falle, and yet their grauity, your senses doth subborne.
¶ Mary chylde with all my hart, we will returne vs sone,
And also what thou thinkest mete, it shall straight way be done,
And synce that God by thee hath giuen, a warning to vs all,
Come sit with vs in iudgement seate, least we agayne should fall.

Susanna for ioy shall seeme to sound, the Vice shall call for Vineger and Mustarde to fetche her agayne, the Bayly shall say.

¶ Is Mustard good for sick folkes relefe?

¶ Yea

Ill Rep. ¶ Yea Syr, Wineger and Mustarde both is good for hirte.

Susanna. ¶ Why Lord my God, my King and Joy, what have I done for thee,
That in the midst of all my woes, thus thou shouldst succour me,
I as touching fylthy flesh, nought but a lump of clay,
Yet thou O Lorde I fynde it still, wilt alway be my stay,
What can I doe for recompence unto thy heavenly grace, (space
Nought else good Lorde but prayse thy name whyle I have living
And I shall be a witnesse still, to those that cleave to thee,
Thou wilt not suffer them to fall but wilt their ayder be,
Now Lord while life and dayes shall last, and till my breth be spent,
I will set forth thy glorious prayse, which is so parmanent.

Here they returne all back to iudgement.

Iudex. ¶ Danyell I pray thee with all my hart,
Sit downe and in this waighty charge,
Doe helpe to take our part.

Danyell. ¶ Cause that sylence be proclaimed.

Iudex. ¶ Bayly cause the Cryer to make an O yes.

Here the Cryer goeth up agayne, and maketh an O yes,
Iudex speaketh.

Iudex. ¶ How many in this court doth stand, to heare what God hath done,
I charge them in that God his name, their sylence to use soone,
And Bayly undoe Susanna, and rid her from her bandes,
And binde those wicked Elders two, both by their fete and handes.

Susanna. ¶ See here good people, unto you all I speake,
How God doth helpe the innocent, and take their sorrowes breake,
Let myne example comfort you, in all kinde of distresse,
That if you suffer for his sake, he will your cause release.
And let not feare of any man your constant hart remove,
From him that thus most constantly, his simple truth doth love,
You see I am at libertye that earst hath bene in thrall,
And thus will God deale with all such, as on his mercy call.

Danyell. ¶ Where be these wicked people two, that would have shed the blood,

Of guiltlesse Susan, for that she their fylthy lust withstode.
¶ Voluptas and Sensualitas, holde vp your handes.
¶ Here my Lord.

Danyell to the people.

¶ Amongest ech thinges that beareth lyfe, there is nothing so excelent
Then man, nor yet there is nothing more pestilent.
God made of man an Innocent, thereby to shew his power,
Man made himselfe a wicked wight, as you see at this hower.
God also did make Maiestrates, the poze to helpe and stay,
Yet some doe vyle examples show, which now doe beare a sway,
I speake it not I will you know, the worst man to offende,
But for that such as guiltie be, their guilt may sone amende.
And you that wicked are in deede, haue you none other trust,
God will confound your actes and deedes, & turne your selues to dust
And then for your iust deserte, he will place you to dwell,
In Plutoes Pit a fyery Lake, the deepest dyke in Hell.
And therefore I aduertise you, doe learne your selues to know,
And reade Gods bokes where you shall fynde, I nought but truth doe
And let these wicked Elders two, be sample to you all, (showe
View well their lofty state of late, and now doe marke their fall.
¶ What witnesse shall we haue to trye, that they would do this act,
So closely twirt themselues they haue, this fylthy cryme compact.
¶ Cõmaund that these two wicked men may straight be put asunder,
And how they shall accuse themselues, it will make you to wonder.
¶ Cryer take aside Voluptas, while Sensualitas be examined.

Here he takes aside Voluptas and sayth.

¶ Come on you Knaue, thou bawdy wretch, I hope to haue thy cote,
And for exchaunge thereof thou shalt be strangled in a rope.
Wary syr a bloody gowne vpon my back, will make me looke a hye,
And then that I am Ill Reporte, no worldly man can spye.
¶ Well friend I would not haue thee prate, nor place thy words awry
For all the world doth know right well, thou art as ill as I.

¶ Gogs

Ill Rep. ¶ Gogs woũds knaue thou shitte slaue, hast thou none to check but me
I am an honest man, proue it he that can, I will not be iudged by thee
Volup. ¶ As God shall iudge thee.
Ill Rep. ¶ What haste thou learned that Lesson now?
Had you learned it soner, it had bene better for you.
Danyell. ¶ What sayest thou now Sensualitas, now that thy mate is gone,
And no man is to helpe thee here, but thou art left alone.
Oh olde and croked cancred Carle, whose auncient wickednesse,
And rape and rygor thou haste done, now thus detected is.
What false decrées hast thou decreed, what Innocentes oppressed,
What guilty folke haste thou set free, which good folke doe detest,
Thou haste forgot what God doth say, O wicked thou knowest whan
Thou shalt not hurt the Innocent, nor yet the righteous man.
Well if that thou the truth haste spoke, then tell vnder what tree,
The mutuall talke betweene these two, in Orchard thou didst see?
Sensua. ¶ Vnder a Mulbery tree I saw their conference,
And vnder that tree she committed her offence,
And meaning not for to conceale that faults, but it to tell,
We marke the order and the tree, we also markt it well.
Danyell. ¶ Oh now thou lyest thou wicked man, vnto thy head I speake,
And loke that God his vengeance will with shame vpon thee wreake.
And loe thy sentence he hath heard, and thus he means to doe,
according to thy due desert, to cut thy lyfe in two,
And hearst thou Bayly take thou aside, this vyle and wicked wight,
And so he commeth not to his mate, nor once within his sight.
Iudex. ¶ Now that this man is gone, I beseech you here me speake,
Me thinkes he telleth still the tale, that he at fyrst did breake.
Daynell. ¶ Yea one man may still in one tale, in onely order tell,
But yet his Mate will not agree, doe therefore marke him well.
¶ Doe Cryer bring in Voluptas there.
Iudex. ¶ Anon my Lorde, see how he commeth here.
Ill Rep. ¶ Stande forth Voluptas, and aunswere for thy selfe,
Iudex. ¶ Thou must stand forth, and show thee lyke an elfe,
Ill Rep. ¶ Oh wicked seede of Canaan, and not of Juda kynde,
Danyell. Fayrenesse hath thyne eyes deceaude, and lust hath made thē blynd
With Israels daughters thus you delt, and they for feare consent,

But Juda Daughter would not byde, your dædes to pentinent,
Now if such thing thou sawest by her, as thou hast made reporte,
What kynd of tree I pray thee waste, where vnder they did sport.
¶ Vnder a Pomgranate tree, she vsed fylthy sporte,
And take her part that taketh it list, it was in shamefull sorte.
I. ¶ Loe now thou lyest naughty man, thy tongue hath thee betrayde,
And eake thy fellowes talke before, your fylthy lust bewrayde.
And now your fylthy lust is spyde, we sa it very well,
Oh wicked wight, oh diuelish dæde, oh act that soundes to hell.
Gods Aungell standeth with his sworde, euen prest to spill thy blood,
And to dismember both your corpes, which earst was neuer good.
¶ Cryer call in the Bayly with Sensualitas.
Now God be praysed, and thankes I giue, to thee oh Danyell,
And for this act I am most bound, Gods glory forth to tell,
Ye hath saued here the innocent blood. which in him put her truste,
And by the wordes of their owne mouth, hath cast downe the vniuste,
Now prayse be to his name therefore, both now and eake alway,
Let all the world that know his might, Amen with vs here say.
¶ Here my Lord, here is Sensualitas.
¶ Set him by Voluptas.
Shall it please you Danyell now, their Sentence for to giue,
For all the world must nædes confesse, they are not mete to liue.
II. ¶ No Iuder, I haue done Gods will, proceede you in your charge,
And giue them sentence to the death, doe you your selfe discharge.
¶ Sensualitas and Voluptas to, I speake vnto you twayne,
Now falsly yon accused her, all men doe now se playne.
And God him selfe to saue her blood, hath wonderfully wrought,
And you that sought to spill the same, are also come to nought.
Well God forgiue your wicked dæde, and giue your selues to pray,
For of your course of mortall lyfe, this same is the last day.
For hence you shall vnto the place, where such doe vse to dye,
As doe transgresse the Princes lawes, euen forthwith by and by.
And there with stones you shall be strode, while lyfe and lim doth last
Hoe there away with them I say, let it be done in haste.

Here

The Commody of Susanna.

Here goeth out Iudex and Danyell, and Ill Reporte and the Bayly leade the two Iudges to execution.

Ill Rep. ¶Come of with the mischiefe, You Iudges to dye,
Is it now more greefe, For transgressing the law,
For you two to dye: Shall say that by might,
Then other you thought, In steede of good right,
Whome you accused for nought, You kept men in awe.
Mary fye for shame fye.
Be of good cheare, Then he brings them to the stake.
You shall be past feare, Now holde by your handes,
Within this halfe howre: And receiue your bandes,
Much good do your hartes, Now throw on your stones,
That thus doe take partes, And there is for me,
In euery stower. One as much as three,
They that shall spye, Shall breake all their bones.

Volup. ¶Soft I pray thee yet a whyle, I pray thee holde thy handes,
And suffer vs to call on God, vpon vs now it standes.
And Lord receiue vs yet at last, that earst did neuer know,
Thy goodnesse nor thy mightie hand, our welth did blynde vs so,
I haue bene giuen in all my time, my flesh to follow still,
Now Lorde forgiue my sences all, I leaue me to thy will.
My sinnes are more then I can tell, my sorrowes passing great,
The shiuering passions of my bones, doth cause my flesh to sweate.
Now Lorde into thy handes I leane, my sobbing sorrowfull spirite,
Receaue it Lord and from the Fiend defend me with thy mighte,
Sensua. ¶And to me Lord doe not account, the number of my sinnes,
Reiect the same and heare me now, for now my plaint begins.
And though the falshood of the flesh, in welth would let me know,
Yet in this my extremitie, doe thou thy mercie show.
The whole doe neede no medicine, it is bought for the sicke,
So mercie Lordes doe helpe the froward, and those against the kick.
Not iustice Lord, but mercie we doe craue to ease our bandes.
And by thy mercie both we yelde our soules into thy handes.
Ill Rep. ¶Are ye readie yet?
Volup. ¶Yea when you will.

Here they stone them, and the Vyce lets a stone fall on the Baylies foote, and fall togither by the eares, and when the Iudges are deade, the Vyce putteth on one of their Gownes.

¶ Now the world is rid of a couple of Knaues we see,
¶ And yet one to much alyue by thee.
¶ Nay, nay, my friend and brother,
A Knaue is one, and you are another.
I could but maruayle of the wordes they did speake,
Before they did dye, and whence they did breake.
¶ Why fole knowest thou not yet, that nature will teach,
Thee when thou gotst to hanging how thou shouldste preach.
¶ Hanging quoth a, mary I trust or I dye,
To see thy good face hang full hye.

Here entreth Seruus and true Reporte.

¶ I promise you I feare me much that Ill Reporte is fled,
If not I haue commission, to hang all but his head.

¶ Who, who, Dinell who,
How doth the world go,
Must Ill Reporte dye:
No no, I trow,
The world goes not so,
Then all were awry.
For neyther of Prince nor King,
Nor of any other thing,
But my tongue shall walke,
The prowdest of them all,
Shall not giue me such a fall,
Or shall let me to talke.

¶ Except I be deceaued much, that same is Ill Reporte,
That standes in yonder scarlet gowne, and prates in such a sorte,
Come neare, and we will see in deede, whether it be he or no,
For if it be, I tell thee true, he shall no further go.
For why the Iudge hath giuen in charge, where so we could him spye,
We should for his demerites sake, hang him by and by.
¶ It is he in deede I thinke, I will aske him the question.

Seruus. ¶Syr what is your name.
Ill Rep. ¶A Iudge knaue thou sest, I am the very same.
I am had in great pryce, both in Cittie and in towne,
I am a Magistrate, doest not see by my gowne.
Tru Rep. ¶By my troth I thinke more grauitie consistes in your cote,
Then abydes in your hart, or goes thorow your throate,
You may be honest and sober, but your countenaunce doth giue,
That you will grow worse and worse, so long as you do liue.
Ill Rep. ¶Gogs wounds knaue, a vyld knaue to, doest thou speake blasphemy
I am as honest a man, as is in all this countrey.
And for the antiquitie of the house I was borne in,
Was a famous house before thou was heard of, or any of thy kin.
And thou doest not well to vse me in this sorte.
Seruus. ¶Why syr is not your name Ill Report.
Ill Rep. ¶My name is mayster Ill Report in deede,
Seruus. ¶Hearst thou True Report, this is the man we loke for,
True Rep ¶Mary then is it he that I come for.
Ill Rep. ¶My good fellow, why what is thy name,
True Rep ¶True Report, I am the very same.
Ill Rep. ¶Gogs wounds, Cosin Hugh Report, how the Deuill met we here.
I thinke thou sawest not William Report this seuen yeare,
Me thought by thy speeche, we should be acquaynted,
Though priuitie of tyme thy Visage had taynted.
Oh Cosyn Hugh why good Cosin Hugh take it in good part,
That I fawne thus on thee, for I loue thee with all my hart.
True Rep ¶Thou arte a false wretch, and not my Cosin I sweare,
He would haue Ill and true to be Cosyns, is not this good geare. (man
Ill Rep. ¶Oh Cosin Hugh it greeues me thou wantest lerning, & art so pretty a
I will tell thee fole, how thy name is Hugh, and myne William,
Though thou knowest it not thy selfe, I may not much blame thee,
It is so long ago since thou waste in my countrey.
H is no Letter, but an asperation,
Which may be left out in many a fashion.
Helin with an H, harke and be attentiue,
Or Elin without an H, is not offensyue.
So whether the H be put in, or the H be left out,

The worde standes indifferent, this is no doubt,
Now take the H from thy name, then it standes lyke an Ewe,
And some friend hath put in Tr, and so calles thée trew,
As by a familyer example, I know a false knaue or two,
That are Hostlers in Innes, yet men call them trew,
Therefore leaue of Tr agayne, fye man for shame,
And be cald Hugh agayne, for that is thy Christen name,
And now to my owne name, first we are children & then grow to men
And Wyll for Wylliam is heard often then,
And Children at fyrst when they learne to prattle,
In stéde of Will, doe ill often tattle,
Thus being yong, and called Ill for Will,
Yet for a custome doe call me so still,
And it contentes me well to heare the same,
Because for my purpose it often doth frame,
And I my selfe did neuer séeke it to amend,
Because by good learning I can it defende,
Aphæresis is a figure which Latinestes vse,
And Apocope another which they will not refuse.
The one from the beginning of a word a sillable may cut,
The other from the end, another may shut.
Now twixt Aphæresis and Appocope you may sée full playne,
That Ill for Wylliam is vsde without shame,
Loe thus doe you sée that we both haue take maymes,
By figuratiue calling of our Christen names,
But as for that kindreds doe not alwayes agrée,
In their christen names, as euery man doth sée.
But in the syr name consanguinitie doth grow,
And so euery kinseman his kinseman doth know,
As Thomson to Thomson, and so in in lyke sorte,
I gentle mayster Wyllyam, thou Hugh Report.
¶ Such a diffinition heard you neuer I trow,
Syr you can make a Silligismus in Buccardo.
¶ I beshrew your hart, you smell of learning,
This Knaue hath bene at Orforde, I giue you warning,
In Buccardo (quoth you) I sweare by saint Wegge.

Once

Once was I there a yeare fast tyed by the legge,
And at my comming forth I scaped a check,
That had not hales helped handes, my arse had broke my neck.

True Rep ¶ Exore tuo te iudeco, thou hast bene an olde theefe,

Seruus. ¶ Now shalt thou be hanged in signe of reliefe,
Loe True Reporte for all his great cunning,
Himselfe hath bewrayed his knauery in something.

Tru Rep. ¶ Ill Report troth will be troth whosoeuer say no,
And thou must be hanged before thou doe go.

Ill Rep. ¶ Nay by the masse then haue I ill luck,
If wordes will not serue I will fight a pluck.

Bayly. ¶ Nay then let me come and helpe,
For though my tongue be ill and I cannot vse talking,
Yet I loue to be where fystes are walking.

Here they struggle togither, the Gaylour casts the Rope about Ill Reports neck.

Ill Rep. ¶ Why Knaue wilt thou choke me?

Bayly. ¶ No not yet syr, but I will by and by.

Ill Rep. ¶ Yet for pittie sake, let me fyrst say my Pater noster.

Seruus. ¶ Content I sayth, we will beare with him till than.

Ill Rep. ¶ Now by my Fathers soule thou art an honest man,
And since thou doest so gently that tyme to me giue,
I will not say my Pater noster, whyle I haue a day to liue,
And if you shall at any tyme heare that I so do,
Then hang me hardely and draw me to.

True Rep ¶ Fye on him Knaue, away with the villayne,

Ill Rep. ¶ See the Knaue himselfe can now call me Willyam.
I sayth Tolyn True, I shall but prepare your way,
Your selfe will be hanged to another day.

Here they haue him to hanging, the Deuill entreth saying, Oh oh, oh.

Diuell. ¶ How long haue I with toyling payne, sought Susans blood to get,
What engines, snares, and other craftes, about that haue I set,

And yet that God still doth me wrong, he doth my force withstande,
And them that I doe seeke to get, he keepes them in his hande.
He suffers some to leane to me, as they would come alone,
And when I thinke with them to mete, by him my pray is gone,
Oh God wilt thou not yet thy spight leaue of, wilt thou yet still,
Seeme for to offer as thou doest, and yet denye my will.
Well I'll Reporte thou villayne boy, thy bones I meane to gnaw,
Because of that I gaue thee charge, I am no whit in aw.
Why stand I heare and suffer him, all this whyle to take rest,
His soule, his bones, his flesh and all, by me shall be possest.
And what there is in Hell to harme, or punish him withall,
Or what I may deuyse anew, his flesh shall feele it all.
Oh Boy, oh Knaue, oh foolish Sot, shouldst thou be put in trust,
And haste not wit to bring to passe, that thing I after lust.
Well, well thou villayne Boy and wretch, I ioy thy selfe art come,
And what I would haue done to her, thou shalt haue all and some.
From hence therefore euen presently, my iorney I will take,
And hye me fast for tyme it is, to myne infernall lake.

The Deuill goeth forth, and Ioachim, Susanna, Helchia, & his wife enter

¶ Whē stormy clouds doth show their force, & boisterous winds worke (care
Then ech man sayth when these are past, ỳ wether wil be faire.
And semblably my Lord my God, amidst my heauy cheare,
I hope at length, as now it doth, my quiet would appeare,
I haue to thanke thy maiesty for euery kinde of giste,
But chefely for myne honest wyfe, my harte to thee I lifte.
How didst thou Lorde agaynst her foes her simpleneſſe defende,
How didst thou cleane deliuer her, euen at her latter ende.
I thanke thee Lord yet once agayne, thou haste deserued so,
That from thy prayse my hart nor lippes shall henceforth never go.
¶ Nay then am I gods Lord moste beund, to yelde thee harty prayse,
That haste by helping this my child, prolonged these my dayes.
Sorry I was to heare her fault, more sorry for her death,
Her fault was none, and she liues still, what ioy lyke this on earth,
To serue thee still as I haue done, it is my whole pretence,

Thou

Thou art my strength, my hope, my ayde, I seeke no other defence.

Vxor. ¶ Myne are the ioyes, and yours none, God hath giuen all to me,
For greater ioyes then I doe feele, there surely none can be.
My Daughter was giuen to the death, thou kepst her with thy might,
Thou helpest her for thy mercy sake, because her cause was right,
Thus I confesse and will doe still, whyle lyfe in me doth raigne,
Thou onely God haste strength ynough, to ridd each wight from payne.

Susanna. ¶ No, no, good Lord aboue the rest, to prayse thee I am bound,
That me doest helpe myraculously, and eake my foes confound.
I was but dead, and thou to lyfe, restoredst me silly wight,
What is she then that beareth breth, that more can shew thy might,
And this thyne acte shall so increase, within me euermore,
And from thy lawes I will not flyde, although I dye therefore,

Ioach. ¶ Also good Lorde amongst thy giftes, which euery day are seene,
We haue to prayse thy mighty grace, for our most noble Queene.
Defende her Lorde in all affayres, giue passage to thy word.
And cut them short that will her wo, graunt this O liuing Lord.

Helchia. ¶ And to her noble counsayle Lord, giue wisedome and good helth,
Graunt that they doe may glory thee, and mende the common welth.

Vxor. ¶ And for the commons of this realme, O Lord graunt my request,
But what thou and the Prince doth will, they iudge it for the best.

Susanna. ¶ And for this company gathered here, doe I my prayer make,
God graunt them their lyfe in quietnes, and then their soules do take.

They goe out, and the Prologue entreth.

¶ Yeare haue you heard good Audience, the end of this our worke,
Wherein we trust no cause of greefe in any poynt doth lurke,
And though we cannot bewtify the same with musickes song,
Beare with our rudenesse in that part, we troubled you not long,
And if our Authour may perceaue you take this in good part,
To doe the lyke you comfort him, agayne with all his hart.
If any thing hath bene amis, informe him if you please,
If euery thing doe lyke you well, to God giue all the prayse,
To whome I leaue you euery one, and eke my selfe withall,
Who graunt vs all eternall lyfe. Amen now fay you all.

FINIS.

116242